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### *Nature in Poetry.*

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD has somewhere said, "Poetry is the interpretess of the natural world." By this he means that poetry discovers to man the relationship between himself and the universe.

Nature and poetry—terms, no doubt, once synonymous. Who can tell but that the first poem was given to the world by the low musical wind mourning through the branches of yon pine trees, or that the babbling brook tuned the first stanza to its silvery laughter. Every object and sound in creation has been a reed on which countless harmonies have been played by human skill. If poetry were to settle its indebtedness to nature, to-day, the world would be made to suffer a new kind of insolvency. Poetry thus springing from nature is made the true interpretess of the natural world. Natural phenomena, first to meet the eye and ear of man, awakened him to a sense of their beauties and harmonies, and thrilled his soul with song, which has found utterance in natural poetry.

Nature, then, is the mother of poets. Wherever any object of the outer world has stirred the soul of man, there may be discovered the germ of inspiration, which, subsequently, emanated in song.

Herein poetry transcends the sublimest revelations of physical science, which latter is employed merely in presenting the phenomena of the material world to the human understanding, while the former seeks to bridge that unfathomable chasm yawning between the natural and spiritual worlds. Far higher and more mysteriously divine, then, is poetry when recognized as the "interpretest of the natural world" to the soul of man. To advance its functions a step further would be to assert not only the kinship of the natural to the human, but also of the human to the divine, which is equally true, but requires no comment here.

The aspect of nature first to open the eyes of the poet, as illustrated in Emersonian poetry, is that peculiar, subtle element, beauty. All nature's colors, forms and methods, countless in variety and disposition, partake of this beauty. The harmony displayed in the workmanship of the universe, its skillful and cosmetic arrangement, furnish the foundation for effective beauty. Take a bit of nature. Let your choice be the wide expanse of haze-cradled mountains, losing their very outlines and substantiality in the softest neutral-tinted sky, or descend the scale, and let it be the sunny disk of a common field daisy. Extract its beauteous qualities, its snowy rays, its golden pollen, its disk of countless perfect flowers, its gentle swaying in the wind, its purity and extreme simplicity; extract these, and nature has sung you an unwritten poem. This beauty is reflected not only in natural harmonies, in their peaceful emanations and machine-like revolutions, but also in the most disturbing conflicts and discords in which natural phenomena are seemingly chaotic and ungovernable. Herein beauty becomes grandeur; the soft contours of the polished statue, the rude chiseling of erosive time.

Thus the essence of nature is beauty; beauty exists in harmony, born of peace or discord. The interpretation of this beauty requires the poetic medium, even as the brightest sunbeam must have its light interpreted by dancing atoms. The poetic interpretation, therefore, is not subjective, is not objective, not mental, not material; but the combination of both elements, mind and matter. There is nothing, then, in the whole range of the natural world which cannot, by contact with the poetic mind, by indwelling in the creative imagination, be transformed and interpreted by the genius of poetry. If, then, the real presence of natural phenomena is conducive to the awakening of poetic inspiration, what treatment must nature find at the hand of the poet to further this inspiration?

To be a concordant interpreter of nature, there must be an intimate and quick interchange of feeling between the world without and within. To approach nature without sympathy is to ignore the kinship uniting your heart with hers; is to close your ears to the music of the wind, or to crush under heel the dainty upturned flower. Would the poet enter the penetralia of nature's abode, breathe her soul-inspiring afflatus, he must lose himself in nature and imagine himself metamorphosed into her myriad shapes and colors. "The wind rustles, it is I. My soul is tinted with the same spirit-brush that paints yon fleeting clouds." Here it is that the poet meets nature half way; his soul comes in contact with her outer form. He must observe her ways, and his sensibilities must be constantly alive to her manifestations.

Again, to receive the full flow of nature's inspiration, the poet should not disregard her setting, wresting that appropriateness and harmonious contiguity, which we embody in the word "natural," from their assigned environments. Emerson fully realized the power of nature in nature's own disposition.

"The delicate shells lay on the shore;  
The bubbles of the latest wave  
Fresh pearls to their emerald grave.

\* \* \* \* \*

I wiped away the weeds and foam,  
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;  
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things  
Had left their beauty on the shore  
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar."

The separation of the elements, arranged by superhuman hands, destroys harmony, and thus robs the imagination of its poetic power. All nature is a unity, and the admiration of nature is the admiration of her perfect wholeness. How spacious and varied is the world, and yet no room for the insertion of an atom. To dissect it you must kill. Would you tear the autumn-tinted vine from its support, you expose a mass of ugly weather-beaten rock. "All are needed by each one," and natural inter-dependence is the highest source of poetic inspiration. "There is a property in the horizon which no man has but he whose eye can integrate all the parts, that is, the poet.

Nature always awaits her interpreter with benedictions. Not only will the influence of the world without kindle the imagination with poetic fire, but it will warm the whole soul with delight. If the poet be at all sensitive to the earth or sky, his whole being will be absorbed in their beauty and spaciousness, and his soul will be thrilled with such ecstatic joy, "full of life, full of deity," that the utterance of song will spring to his lips. The magic of nature touches his soul, and, be his mind or body wearied, both will yield to the attractive delights of natural influences. This is the first and simplest method employed by nature to move the hearts of those who gaze upon her face. The child and strong man are alike familiar to the rapture and bouyancy imparted by it. The world comes out to sun itself. When springtime overlays the heavens with flimsy clouds the hearts of the people are lighter and sunnier. The poet

never seeks in vain the sympathies of nature. There is no closer kinship than between the soul of man and the soul of nature. Human actions, affections and distresses, human thoughts and desires, all find a counterpart in the varied aspect of natural surroundings. Every trait and characteristic, all the shifting lights and shadows of the inner world are mirrored on the changing face of the world without. The gloom overcasting the soul will meet its reflection in the cold November sky, when the setting sun casts a cheerless glow over the chilly landscape, and transforms the leafless tree-tops into tongues of cruel flame. Is he in doubt and discouraged with humanity, nature will not be at discord with his feelings, but soothe his trouble with her unoffending contact.

This sympathy from nature does not mean that nature, with no declaration of her own, passively loses her personality in the moods and transient feelings of her observer, but that she best interprets to the poet his own mental state, be it joyous or sad.

"Nature, the supplement of man,  
His hidden sense interpret can;—  
What friend to friend cannot convey  
Shall the dumb bird instructed say.

In this same strain Mr. Emerson complains that when walking in the woods he is startled by some bird singing his last night's dream. Were nature to release her hold on the soul of man and cease to reclaim him by her spell of beauty, to some her face would ever be in gloom.

One of the richest resources which poetry derives from natural interpretation is variety. Have you ever caught nature wearing the same garb twice? The poet may feel that men are ever the same, that the world has set forms of life, and human thoughts and aspirations are stereotyped in mankind; but let him commune with the natural world, will he ever delve to her secret depths, ever be the master of her laws, ever get beyond the power of her beauty and

sublimity? New forms, new colors, new methods, merely these will elude his sovereignty, and yet there remains life, mysterious, ever-present, working in silence, which alone could suppress even the imagination of him who enters nature's innermost recesses. Herein is nature supreme and inaccessible to man. This endless variety, unfathomable secrecy, is, moreover, to the poet the source of constant surprise and originality. The more closely the methods of nature are investigated, the wider view will the poet obtain of her intricate and delicate workmanship, and the more numerous and suggestive combinations will she offer him. The influence of these environments is directly spent upon the character of the mind, upon the peculiar habits of thought and feeling, and, consequently, they tinge the general complexion of literary work. The poet's energies are rewarded with discoveries, and his streams of thought are ever leaving their old courses for new, untried channels.

Poetry never can be the true interpreters of nature when it seeks the "power of drawing out in black and white an explanation of the mystery of the universe," but only when it acquires the power of awakening man's sense of the intimate relationship between his soul and the natural world about him. Were poetry to treat barely of the physiology of nature, to relate categorically her charms, her varied forms and colors, to expose each minutest detail and method of existence, then it would cease to be poetry, and fail to satisfy the highest and noblest claim of poetic interpretation. The poet must place himself in spiritual communion with nature, he must feel the influence of natural reality upon his soul, he must drift away from self, and let his spirit find its interpretation in its natural surroundings. When nature becomes the vehicle of thought, the outward form and color of nature convey a higher meaning than mere sensual beauty could impart; they stir deeper chords than surface emotions. They mean more. They affect the inner spiritual nature of man, and breathe the life of their divine

afflatus in his soul, whispering with inaudible but convincing voices that this relationship between his soul and nature is not the result of physical appearances, but the emanation of a divine infinite Being. This is poetry, and thus poetry becomes the "interpretest of the natural world."

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*In Parables.*

ONE Sunday morning she and I  
By some kind fate stayed home together,  
The wind blew wailing through the trees,  
Bitter and gloomy was the weather.

We went into the library,  
The fire there burned clear and brightly,  
Pictures and books, row after row,  
Made an array we both thought sightly.

"Now, now's my chance," I thought with joy,  
"But for a while I will dissemble;  
I'll keep as cool as cool can be—  
Dear me! how both my hands do tremble."

Quoth she, "Since we are not at church  
We should read sermons dry and sad;  
But let's do something else to-day,  
Worldly delightful—not too bad,"

"Peculiar and original—  
What shall it be? is next the question,  
I've perfect confidence in you,"  
She stopped, expecting a suggestion.

I looked around, from side to side,  
Upon the wall I cast my glances;  
I saw a picture hanging there,  
Scene from *Don Quixote* (by *Cervantes*).

Now I'm a literary man,—  
With her this brought consideration;  
I made my pen serve one more turn,  
And said, with inward trepidation,



"We'll write the story which each sees  
(With the idea I'm really smitten,)  
In yonder painting by the door,  
And read to each what each has written."

Agreed—we sat us by the fire;  
To write a word I was not able,  
For watching of her fair young head  
Bent very near me o'er the table.

"I've done at last—it's very poor;  
I hope you'll like the tale," she said.  
"We'll read in turn; please read yours first,"—  
And glancing at the page I read:

*Scene: an old baronial hall,  
Coats of armor on the wall,  
Cruel lady in the chair,  
Knight before her in despair.*

She stopped me sudden here, and thus went on—

*Scene: an old baronial hall,  
Coats of armor on the wall,  
Lady gracious as can be,  
Knight before her on his knee.*

And I read still, with all my hopes grown bright—  
Since you'll not have me, lady, fair,  
Farewell forever, the knight did say.

"My story runs not thus, but thus," she said—  
"I'll go along o'er the wide world with you,  
For you have won me—let's away."

I looked at her and all my heart was light.

We went no further with the tale,  
To hear the rest we were not heedful;  
What passed between us after that  
To tell you I scarce think is needful.

J. S.

---

*But Few Are Chosen.*

EVERYONE said that Parson Jenkins was the most arbitrary man in the world, and, for at least once, common report was correct. No Romish priest of the Middle Ages believed more strongly in the absolute power and authority



of the pastor over the members of his flock. Nothing whatever could go on in the congregation without his having a finger in it, and he resented with indignation the suggestion that anything connected with the church ought to be free from his personal direction.

An arbitrary man is usually a violent-tempered man. The Parson recognized his infirmity of temper, and sorrowed over it often with prayer and weeping, never more sincerely than the time when, in the heat of argument, at a meeting of Presbytery, he had called a brother clergyman a liar. But he did not know that he was arbitrary, and thought it unnatural and unscriptural that the members of his congregation should resent his interference in any of their affairs. Every few years, with persistent regularity, he raised strife and discord in his flock by his fervent prayers that the Lord would preserve the country from the calamity of Democratic success. He continually angered the young people by interfering with their amusements; the women, by the severest denunciations of their slightest follies; and the men, by unnecessarily dragging politics into the pulpit. But the Parson was a man of strong character, and his discontented parishioners could not get rid of him in the ordinary way. Moreover, though an aged man, his strength and vigor seemed unabated, and those who said significantly that many good things could not be accomplished on this earth till some of the saints were taken to heaven, had long ago given up the expectation that Parson Jenkins would soon be gathered to his fathers.

In the Parson's home-circle, things were managed just as in patriarchal days, on the strictest scriptural basis. In that one family, at least, the *patria potestas* survived with force unweakened and unimpaired. The family consisted of nine daughters, the youngest of whom was just on the borderland of old-maidhood, and no youth seemed likely to pluck her as a brand from the burning, and to save her from following in the steps of her eight old-maid sisters. Tradition

had it that, once, in years gone by, the young men had sought the company of the Parson's daughters, for they had been charming girls. But the Parson did not approve of the manner of modern courtship. Moreover, the habits of the household were not congenial to that pursuit. For, at 9:00 P.M., the young man was sure to hear a bell ring. It meant family worship. The poor girl might be too embarrassed to explain to her caller, and to ask him to excuse her, but the Parson was not. Thus numbers one and two had lost all prospects of marriage. And as for the rest, long before they were baptized, the young men had come to regard the only interesting part of the family as surrounded by a very Chinese wall of pastoral, patriarchal, and paternal obstructions.

But at last the gossips were all set agoing by the report that the youngest daughter had, at last, secured a beau. James Thompson, the young lawyer who had just settled in town, had been captured by her charms, and being a new comer, was not deterred by the traditional terrors surrounding the Jenkins' girls. Strange to say, he was neither annoyed nor driven off, as former lovers had been. Perhaps the Parson was beginning to view, with some concern, the great number of blossoms that were fading away on the parent stem. Perhaps young Thompson's regular attendance at the church and Sunday-school, together with his intimate knowledge of missionary matters, made a difference. At all events, when he was there the family managed to perform their evening devotions without the presence of the youngest daughter, and the affair progressed smoothly, to the great delight and affectionate interest of the eight elder sisters.

One evening, the favored of the Jenkins family wended his way to the parsonage, determined to ask Martha to be his. As usual, it was easier to make the determination than to carry it out. They sat by the register for two hours, and still the distance of the stars on the out-lying borders of the

universe seemed small when compared to the distance he was from the subject on which he longed to speak. At last he said: "Martha, my business is increasing very rapidly." "Yes." (Rising inflection, opening the sense where the thought is anticipative. See Orator's Manual.) "Last term of court," he went on, "I had four good cases, and I will soon have as much as I can do." Looking down, she made the same remark, in a lower tone, but with the same inflection. "And—and—and I want you to marry me," he blurted out. To his astonishment, she rushed from the room, without a word. Thinking she was angry, and had gone for the old gentleman, he knew not what to do. Then he heard a heavy tread overhead. It came to the top of the stairs. It was coming down, followed by the lighter tread of many more. He was seized by a wild longing to flee away. But, before he could carry into effect a confused and hesitating resolution to escape by the window, in marched the Parson, the family bible in his hand, his wife and nine daughters following. They all looked kindly at the young man, but he felt only a trifle easier when the blushing Martha came and stood beside him. The Parson took his stand by a small table, and the others filled up the room in a manner which was, to the wretched Thompson, drearily suggestive of a funeral. Suddenly the horrible thought struck him that the Parson was going to marry him then and there. He was about to expostulate, in his misery, and to explain that he was not able to keep a wife just yet—that he only wanted to be engaged. But the Parson had opened the big bible, and began to read in a solemn tone, and the poor fellow listened as to his death sentence. The chapter finished, the Parson offered up a fervent prayer, and then the whole family sang with unction, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Thus was the young man given to understand that the Jenkins family approved of him, after the good old manner of the ancient patriarchs, and the Parson and his tribe filed out, the eight old-maid daughters

beaming on him looks of sisterly affection as they left. We too, reader, will leave, carefully closing the parlor door after us, and not so much as putting our ear to the key-hole.

PERSICUS.

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*Encouragement.—A Sonnet.*

METHOUGHT I wandered through a forest wild,  
And in my path and all around  
Fantastic, weird and elfish shades beguiled  
And led me on to darker, gloomier ground;  
High closed the mighty trees far o'er my head  
And moaned; more dense and rank the copse did grow;  
All seemed forever lost, and, full of dread,  
In mad despair I laid me down. When lo!  
A nymph, full fair, appears with magic wand,  
And terror, dread and fear, all drives away.  
So, in the path of life, we must respond  
To Duty's calls, which multiply each day;  
Nor would to carking care bright hope be lent  
But for the inspiring nymph, "Encouragement."

J. C. MATHIS.

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*Aurélie.*

I.

YOU cannot adopt art in order to make a living. You must make a living in order to adopt art. You cannot be an artist without being something else. You can be a caricaturist, frescoer, sign-painter, white-washer, anything—for bread and butter. After that you can be an artist—for pastime. I am an artist; which is tantamount to saying that I paint pictures for country people. When they can buy it at a bargain, they prefer "han'-paintin'" to chromos. Allegories take best. One rests on my easel now, "America Receiving Tribute from the Nations." I have secured two

signs from a neighboring dry goods store to hang over these. One, "No Credit Here," apart from its sarcastic reference to the worth of the pictures, generally loosens the wallet-strings of the country people. The other, "Cash and One Price," wholly undoes them, and secures prompt payments.

I have another resource. I have a theory. Some day I hope to work it out successfully in the interests of art. Now it simply gives me reputation. For there is nothing which a bait-biting public will not swallow in regard to a man who is said to have a theoretical turn of mind. In fact, that theory has been the making of me. I feel as if I ought to have its name about me somewhere, just as you always find the maker's name on a piano or a piece of cutlery.

The little country village of Hilltown, Vermont, boasts of one, and a first-class, hotel. It is one of those commodious edifices which houses prominent places of business on the ground floor. Among others it houses the bank. One so disposed could here follow both the old and the new-fashioned style of keeping money. He could deposit it in the bank; and, at the same time, sleep over it, if he could induce the hotel proprietor to give him a properly situated bed-room. I was standing on the hotel steps, which adjoin those of the bank. An elderly gentleman with gold-rimmed spectacles stopped a little beyond me to speak with a bent, good-natured looking workman. I took a mental note of this for an allegory, to be entitled "Labor and Capital." I overheard the old Canuck saying, "Mais, the honest way is the best way," and the gentleman answering, with annoyance, "Yes, yes!" Then the latter—the bank president, I suppose—brushed by and closed the door of the bank behind him. The Canuck sat down on the steps undisturbed, apparently, by the rebuff.

I sank down beside him with an affable "Bon jour!"

"J' s' paw," bluntly.

"Plait-il? j' s' paw?"

"Oui, j' s' paw. I don' know," with a touch of irritability.

"Ah! oui, oui, je ne sais pas? Je comprends."

These Canucks are an uncommunicative set, unless you happen to hit upon what they are thinking about at the moment. Then, with characteristic inconsistency, they will completely unburden their minds to you. I was determined to get into the good graces of this old fellow.

"Do you know where I can see a large fall about here anywhere?" I would try English on him this time.

He pointed his finger behind him at the bank.

"There!" I laughed.

"Ma foi! I know dere be a fall of dad banque in one monthd."

I had struck the right vein.

"I pud two tousand dollar in dad banque. Ma femme and I, we pick berry; we sell; we pud money in dere; we live on interest. On peut paw travail'.\* Moi? puca-pable. Ma femme? puca-pable. La petite fille? puca-pable."

"What's that?—puca-pable?"

"Oui, puca-pable—can'td," with an effort at explanation.

"Ah! pas capable? Mais qui donc est la petite fille?"

"La petite fille? She my niece; her moder and fader dead. She play all day in woods. She wild."

"Why do you think the bank is going to fail?"

"Passque,† I tell you why. Le président d' la banque," with a gesture to indicate that he had gone into the building a few minutes before, "he buy house; he fix it up; he spen' money. Soon a man begin 'go too vite.'‡ You look oud for him; I look oud for de président. But now if I draw my money oud of banque, I get no interest; if I leave it in, I get no interest; because he fail up. Toute-fois I toughtd I would tole him de honest way is de best way; then mebbe he spen no more money, and I getd interest."

He relapsed into silence. I ventured to ask him again if he knew of a water-fall anywhere about.

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\* We cannot work.

† *Parceque*, because.

‡ Go too *fast*, cut a dash.

"I won'td tole you where l'eau-dam\* is. She won'td lig it. She don' lig nobody go dere. She play dere toute seel.† It's over hill, in valley by de road. You can'td mag no money dere. De mill all go ruin. You don' go dere."

"I won't disturb it. I only want to paint a picture of it."

"Ah, m'sieu'! peina-tchu‡ portrah? Oui, oui, you can go. She'll tole you way. Viens-çi to-morrow."

## II.

"Aidez-moi?"

"Oui—whoa!—I give you liftd."

I put my pack and portable easel in the cart and jumped up on the seat beside the driver. He was a young, powerful fellow. His face, in repose, had a stubborn, stolid, almost sullen expression, which disappeared when he spoke. The road curled its steep, dusty self up the hillside in long reaches. Occasionally there were hillocks for the wheels to rest against while the horses took breath. In the intervals he conversed with the horses; now with "ma'che donc!" "vite!" now with the whip. At the resting hillocks he conversed with me.

"M'sieu', you dad peintre old man Bourgware tole about maging portrah d' l'eau-dam?"

"Oui."

"Mais how you find it?"

"Bourgeois said his niece would show me the way to it."

"Comment donc? Aurélie? She tagke you? Non, non!" he shook his head with a grunt, "'a prendra paw;|| she won'td tagke me; bien she won'td tagke nobody. Mais I leave you at Bourgware's house."

Bourgeois lived in the first house of the little French-Canadian settlement crowded into the notch between the hills, through which the road led. The old man himself came to the door.

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\* Water-fall; dam as in mill-dam.

† Toute seule, all alone.

‡ Peins-tu les portraits? Do you paint pictures?

|| Elle ne prendra pas, she will not take.



"Bon jour, m'sieu'!" he cried.

"Where is your niece?"

"J's' paw; she gone."

"Gone! Why didn't you let me know before?"

"Well, we had nobody to sen', so we toughtd we let you come; den we tole you you needn't came."

I turned helplessly to the driver. His sullenness was fringed with a twinkling smile.

"I tole you so! I tole you so!" he cried, "Comment done, I take you far road go."

The road turned abruptly after leaving the notch and descended rapidly into a valley, intentionally, it seemed to me, to hide itself from the purple range of the Green Mountains to the east. He stopped by a patch of woods.

"Weechee-tchu st'awbre morte?"\*

"That dead tree? Oui," attentively.

"Don' go to it; keep eye on it; when it go oud sightd, you find l'eau-dam."

"Merci, merci!" which meant a fee. He turned the coin over in his fingers wistfully. As I was climbing the fence, he called out:

"M'sieu', you look oud; I hunt her up dere once; she hade me for it; she push me in de wadter an' run 'way; I swim for life. She do this to *me*; bien she do it to anyone. Faites bien attention 'Aurélié!"† And he drove away.

I did look out for Aurélié. Did she look out for me? I did not see her. Just as the dead tree was disappearing behind a rise of ground on the left, I reached the water-fall, which had been hidden till then by the green of the woods on the right. It did not burst upon me all at once, so as to bewilder; it crept gradually into my perceptions. I felt the cool breath from it; I heard the plash; I was catching glimpses of its glistening swiftness through the group of trees. The upper half of the water-way was artificially

\* *Vois-tu cet arbre morte?* Do you see that dead tree?

† Look out for Aurélié!

formed by the mill-dam; but nature had claimed the old logs for her own with slime and moss and blackening decay. Over them the water slipped lazily only to be racked and lashed into a foam and splutter of activity by the rocks below, and then to regain its equanimity in the smooth rapid beyond. The scene seemed to me to be a great masterpiece so divinely painted that it partook of reality. I hurried from one side of the stream to the other, endeavoring to find the best light in which to see it. Each new light was better than the last.

Finally I stood still above the fall on the edge of the mill-pond, looking at the reflections in its surface. Something splashed. "*Faites bien attention* Aurélie!" rang in my ears, as if just spoken by the driver. I stepped back involuntarily. No one was to be seen anywhere. It must have been some frog dropping into the water.

The time had come to prove my theory. I conceived nature to be one vast mind, whose every thought is a natural scene. Most men, instead of receiving the thought from a scene, bring their own to it. They look upon it with minds filled with other ideas, which tinge and change each impression of it. It is only the rare man whose mind is in sympathy and deep accord with a scene, who can respond to its thought; just as the *Æolian* harp-strings delicately sensitive murmur the music of the winds. Therefore, to paint this waterfall, my mind would have to be absorbed in it; it would have to dwell in me, and I in it. Then only could I render it faithfully on canvas.

For two weeks, whenever weather permitted, I would spend the day in this strange spot, in contemplation. I made little progress. I never saw Aurélie. Once or twice I thought I heard the rustle of her footsteps in last autumn's leaves. It might have been the wind. I began to despair of my theory; perhaps there was no thought in the waterfall; and I would have to paint a "Cash-and-one-price" picture of it after all.

At last I thought that I had seized upon the subtle essence of the scene. One morning I began to paint. The ruins of the old stone mill, the water-worn logs and the rocks, with the dashing spray, began to take form under my touch. I had been painting for, perhaps, two hours. suddenly I was bathed in a cold shudder. I felt half suffocated. There was a ringing sensation in my ears. The picture before me became blurred, and the color seemed to run. My mind became extraordinarily active. All my past artist-life rose before me in a flash; my struggles and ill success with the theory, my discovery of the water-fall and my search for Aurélie—I looked up. Aurélie stood a few paces behind me. I knew that it was she the moment I saw her. It seemed as if the foliage must be reflected in the deep, dark smoothness of her great eyes, as I had seen it reflected in the placid surface of the pond above. She never spoke. I thought she nodded disapprovingly at the picture. She lingered a moment, then whirled around. She rushed off, dashed over the rocks, and disappeared in the woods.

## III.

I had set my easel on the bank beside the rapid— \* \*

"Aurélie, did it ever occur to you that you were *compelled* to think constantly, when conscious, perhaps when unconscious?"

She looked down into the water.

"Sometimes it seems to me to be the great curse of man—this thinking, thinking, thinking forever. Whether he will or not, he *must* think."

She was silent, with her eyes still bent upon the water.

"Peins-tchu le là!"\* she cried suddenly, pointing to the half-begun picture of the water-fall.

The thought in the water-fall—I had found it! \* \* \*

Thought streams through the mind, now tumbling and tossing with passions, now moving in a deep current of con-

---

\* Paint that there!

templation, sometimes rushing with a mighty flow of ideas, sometimes sluggish and shallow over barrenness, at one time reflecting the impressions of nature, at another glistening on its surface with divine light, once muddy with filth, again, pure as from a holy source, now raging in a torrent of destruction, now bearing blessings to all it meets, sometimes foaming and spraying in speculation, sometimes flowing secure over solid facts, whatever be its source or ending, whatever be its course or character, never wasting, never ceasing, an eternity of motion, held inexorably within its appointed channel, driven onward with the everlasting persistence of force. Force binds streams and thought alike. Whosoever listens learns it in the noise of the water.

\* \* \* I must paint this idea before it slips from my grasp. The spray leaped up by the bank inquiringly, then it fell back and ran off in the smooth, satisfied rapid. Aurélie glided— \* \* \* \* \*

Then I awoke. The canvas stared at me bare from the easel. Had Aurélie been near me while I was dreaming?

#### IV.

Old Bourgeois' foreboding was justified. The president had been "going too vite." The bank failed.

Early Monday morning, perhaps in the lingering darkness of the night, tremulous hands had pasted in the windows the notice, "Bank Closed." The words stared out from the shut, forbidding office so clearly that the laborer, on his way to work, saw them and knew their meaning; so clearly that the washerwoman, going after her clothes for the week, saw them and knew their meaning; so clearly that the merchant, walking briskly to his business, saw them and knew their meaning. It was cruel. The morning had fully broken, but it grew darker instead of brighter. People gathered silently before the bank. A hunger-faced woman with clinging black shawl stopped a moment and then walked on without a word. An Irishman stamped in the road and

growled his verdict of the president: "If oi had Henry Blackstone here, oi'd thrash 'im within an inch of his loife. We'd know how to dale with 'im in the ould counthry." A little child sat on the bank steps with his head resting on his hands. "What are you here for, my boy?" "I'm waiting for Mr. Blackstone to come out and give me my five dollars I got last Christmas." A grim smile fluttered on the faces of the by-standers. To be sure!—what were they all waiting there for? It was a holiday. Did not the notice read that no business was to be done there that day? And old drunken John reeled along crying out, "Let's have a good time now,—boys. We won't save—any more!"

My first thoughts were for Bourgeois. Had he obeyed his misgivings and drawn his money out? or was it all lost? I looked around to catch his face perhaps among the crowd. I only saw Rivoir, the fellow who drove me up the hill that day.

"Rivoir, have you seen Bourgeois anywhere?"

But I could get nothing out of him save the story of his own misfortune: "My neighbor is old fool. He sell berry; he pud his money in liddle tin pail in cellar. I pud my money in dad banque. I wish I been old fool ligke dad neighbor."

That afternoon I went up the hill, to look up old Bourgeois. The white plaster between the logs of his little house peered out at me, cold and desolate. Bourgeois was not there; nor any one. Perhaps Aurélie might be at her favorite resort by the water-fall. I hurried down there. She was nowhere to be seen.

I took my usual seat for a moment, on the bank, beneath the fall. One of the elms opposite was shaking its first greeting to autumn in a little cluster of yellow leaves. Unconsciously, I clothed everything with my own foreboding thoughts. The water-fall was dashing aside its tears of spray. In the sougbing of the trees, and the swash of the water, I heard a sigh and the sound of weeping—or was that a human cry? A few yards from me, crouched in a

heap, and trembling with sobs, was the little figure of Aurélie. She did not hear me approach.

"Aurélie, why—do you cry?"

She started, and looked up at me with her eyes glistening with tears, then cried, passionately: "Mon grandpay a tout perjew †; il peut paw travaill'; faut que j'allai rester dans le town; faut que j'allai faire la cookree pour gagner d'l'argent."

It seemed to me as if a note of the great sorrow in the town below had sounded up the slopes and was echoing away in her little moan in this hill-fastness. I do not know whether it was love or pity which I felt toward her then. I did not stop to think. I bent down and murmured, softly: "Aurélie, you needn't work for a living, if you will consent to be—my wife."

She started to her feet in an instant. With a frightened, lingering look, she sped away. Follow her? I might as well have tried to trace a drop of water in its course in the stream at my feet.

\* \* \* \* \*

I left Hilltown soon after the bank failure. The picture had been finished. The price which I received was more than I had dared to expect. It enabled me to do one thing which lay very close to my heart. I made arrangements with the receiver of the bank to pay Bourgeois his interest, as usual, and to persuade the old man that, by some dispensation of Providence, or as a result of his advice to the president to be honest, his money had been unaffected by the failure.

Two years after, I returned to Hilltown. I was convinced now that it *was* love, and not pity, that I had felt for Aurélie. It was with eager steps that I trod the well-known road up the hill, and stopped at Bourgeois' house. Rivoir was sitting in the door-way.

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\* My grandfather has lost everything. He can't work. I must go and live in the town. I must go and cook for a living.

† *Perdu*, lost.

"M'sieu' Peintre! You come back? Shoo \* bien content. Where you been? Goin' à l'eaudam? Aurélie never been dere since day dad banque bust."

"Is Bourgeois here?" I asked.

"Bourware'," his tone saddened, "Il est mort a monthd ago. I live here astur† with my wife and the old woman."

"With your wife?"

"Oui, avec Aurélie."

I could not wait to see her. As I went down to the village again I kept saying over and over again, to myself, "Aurélie married." This was the reason she ran away from me that day, when I asked her to be my wife. She had never been to the water-fall since, Rivoir said. Did she love me?

MARALI.

### *Chrysanthemums.*

WHEN rich October's dreamy days  
Have bathed with joy the forest ways;  
When astors blue, of tiny size,  
Have closed their gentle baby eyes;  
When now the frost and chilly rain  
Have almost snapped the floral chain—  
The thicket-loving snow-bird comes  
To greet the late Chrysanthemums.

Of graceful form and dainty hue,  
They love the kiss of frosty dew;  
The blossoms bright are all ablaze  
With hazy warmth of former days.  
Of amber, pink and snowy face,  
How many a rural lawn they grace;  
Their generous eyes shall scarcely close  
Till filled with bleak November snows.

My one ambition now becomes  
To be like the Chrysanthemums—  
To cheer the sad and broken-hearted  
When transient friends are all departed.

ESOPUS.

\* *Je suis*, I am.

† *A cette heure*, at this hour, now.



*Uncle Ned.*

ABOUT three miles distant on the turnpike road that leads to Torentum, set back in a swampy bottom, there is an old weather-beaten hut. Such cabins, though numerous in other parts of the country, are comparatively rare in this thickly-settled State. Surely there is nothing striking about its architecture. An old tumble-down fence, inclosing a small garden, with here and there a few cabbages and less corn, just visible above the rank weeds, is the only barrier to prevent the strolling cattle from invading the sanctity of the premises. A few slabs of stone, mingled with pieces of brick, make up the path which leads to the humble door. The house itself is in striking uniformity with its surroundings. It might be mistaken for the barn of some poor farmer did not an old rickety chimney jut forth from one end and the curling smoke come out at divers points.

The interior of the house gives no evidence of refinement or aristocratic living of its occupant. An old chair, a pine table, a small couch with scanty clothing upon it, a few skillets which send forth that not over-delightful aroma of leaven—comprise the furniture of the hermit abode. In the middle of the house, or rather room—for his parlor and kitchen are the same—surrounded by numerous white oak elits and dilapidated chairs and baskets, there sits an old white-haired negro. He is smoking his clay pipe in peaceful solitude, and now and then almost totters out of his chair in his endeavors to strike murderous blows at flies which seem to have a particular liking for his sleek bald head.

I had often seen old Ned around town with his baskets on his shoulders. He many times asked me to come and see him "at his home," and the above is a true description of his home as I found it on one bright afternoon in August. I stood by the door watching him in his difficulty in trying to smoke, nap, and fight flies at the same time. At last he

awoke sufficiently to know that some one was standing beside him. "Why, bless my soul, Massa," said he, "walk in."

He hobbled out of his old chair, throwing his oak slits in every direction, and strutted about the room making profuse bows. "I'se truly glad fer ter see yer. Have er seat, and what is de bes' word?"

"Uncle Ned," said I, "as I was passing by I thought that I would just drop in and see you. How is business?"

"Oh, chile, doan' talk erbout bizness to dis ole man. All I cares fer is ter git ernuff ter eat. I'se got nuthin' fer ter live fer. My ole woman is in de grave, my chil'n long ergo lef me, my life's bin full er mizry, and I'se only waitin' fer it ter overflow'. It makes me sick fer ter look back on dem happy days when I wuz young and tho'tless. I can't do no work ebry time my mind runs back ter dem days."

"Uncle Ned," said I, "tell me about those happy days."

"Massa, would the simple history of dis ole nigger give yer any pleasure? 'Taint no interest to yer. How kin it be? It will only tire yer; but, if you would really like to hyah it, come and sit down, and I'll do de bes' I kin." I drew my chair up close to that of my old friend, and waited with interest. He wiped his eyes with his red handkerchief, which had seen many years' service, drew a long breath, rolled his eyes several times, then walked to the door to see that no one else was in hearing distance, and thus began: "Sum sixty-five years ago I wuz born in ole Virginny—yer knows where dat is, don't yer?—who doesn't? It is de mos' glorious state dat God eber made. My fodder and mudder wuz slaves, and had one of de bes' marsuses and missuses dat niggers eber had. I wus 'lowed to play wid Mars George—he wuz de yung Massa, yer know—jus' as if I had bin as white as him. Manys de time I'se throwed him in a rastling match. Soon as I wuz old ernuf, I was put in charge of Mars George's hoss. Kase Mars George had me for his boy I wuz put ober de oder youngsters, and wuz

made boss of de young darkies on de plantashun. It wuz a mos' comical sight fur ter see dem little nigs in dere long shirts, reachin' almost to dere feet. Mars George always gim me his briches and coats, so dat I wuz the mos' respectable darkey erround.

I grew to be a young man alongside uv Mars George. He would always take me with him when he went erround sparkin' ter de waterin' places. Has yer eber bin to Saratogy? Oh laws! how my ole dried up mouf does water when I calls ter mind de frolics I used ter hab wid him in Saratogy. De Senateurs uv de lan', de big guns, and sovhin nabobs use ter nopolize dem fine' big hotels. Mars George use ter go dere ebery summer fer a number uv years. I didn't have a consarned thing ter do but ter polish up his boots and carry notes ter some uv dem fine young ladies what he wud be in lub wid. Yer wouldn't tink ter look at dis dried up old nigger dat he wuz once young, and had sparked wid dem bootiful yaller galls, which the ristocrat women use ter hab fer dere maids; but while Mars George wuz a joyen hisself in de parlor, I wuz habin' de mos' deliteful time in an udder room in dat same hotel."

I expressed my interest in his story, and pressed him to proceed. The old man's eyes brightened, he sat erect, and, in his excitement, threw one of his legs nimbly across the other, and sent forth fumes of smoke from his dear old clay pipe.

"Well, Mars George married. I went ter lib wid him, and wuz made head nigger on de plantashun. I married a yaller gal. We wuz az happy as de day is long. One by one de ole folks dropt inter dere graves. I cried for a week arter Old Massa died.

"Dere begins ter be talkin' 'bout settin' all de niggers free, and soon dere wuz de cry ob war all ober de land. Mars George wuz one ob de furst ter shoulder his muskit. Ob coorse I went 'long wid him, as I lubbed him like er brudder. Many de fite dat we waz in, and many's de victry dat

we won, but at las' de enemy waz too much fer us. Yer know which side beat. When de war waz ober me and Mars George had ter walk back to our home. Ah! chile, we had no home fer ter walk ter. De house waz burn ter de groun', and de fam'ly had ter leave de town. De hosses waz stolen and de cows killed. Mis'ry and dess'lashun eberywhere.

"I wuz tole by som' kine white Northern gemmen dat de result ob de war had placed de 'sponsibles ub sportin' my own fam'ly on my shoulders, and dat I wuz a free gemmen az good az any in de lan'. I wuz nat'rally stuck up on dis informashun, and at de next convenshun of de cullud people I run myself for can'date fur de legislashur, but I wuz defeated by er white Northern man fur de posishun.

"'Tis now seben year since I lef' de ole plantashun, and fer de last fo' years I has almos' cried ebery night ob my life. I'se too old ter work. I has no way ter make my bred 'cept by mendin' baskets. De kin'ness ob de owner lets me hab dis ole hut to lib in, and I is a slave to mizry and pove'ty. How I has longed fer dem ole times once mo'; but yer know dat dey kin neber be. De young darkies are all right, but we ole uns will all hab ter go ter de po'-house and disgrace our name. What ole Massa say ter see Ned in de po'-house? But I'se only takin' up yer time now, so I will stop."

M. N. DUB.

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*Ariadne.*

IT WAS years and years ago, and yet  
I see her now, her eyebrows still contracting;  
Dilating then in turn, her eyes flash fire,  
Her lips do quiver, her small fist, clenched,  
She holds in gesture threatening.

CHAS. HELLIWELL.

*Judith Shakespeare.*

WILLIAM BLACK'S latest novel is a disappointment. It seems to point the moral, applicable to literature as well as to life, that it is better to stick to your own sphere. Not that this shut down on ambition or new departures in the literary field. But Black might better have confined himself to his former range of work, and not have run the risk of impairing his acknowledged prominence in certain phases of novel writing.

The story of *Judith Shakespeare*, as told by him, can hardly be classed as a failure. Yet the feeling, on laying down the book, is one akin to dissatisfaction. The circumstances for the inception of the work were all propitious. The interesting age treated, the historic name of Shakespeare, the reputation of the author, all led us to expect a most successful result in this new departure. But we look in vain for it. The plot, if the skeleton of the story can be so styled, is weak. Life has two sides, the sentimental and the practical. In this busy age, the latter predominates, to the detriment of the former. A story, therefore, based on the first, has a heightened interest, by force of contrast. But where this softer element is strained, a book loses its strength. This is the defect with "*Judith Shakespeare*." The whole work hinges on the intense love of the daughter for her father. Woman is jealous for the affection of her loved ones. If Judith had been peculiar in other respects, her extraordinary development in this direction could be pardoned. But she was not. Light-hearted, gay, of a strong-willed temperament, the author could have drawn a fine picture of noble love, more consonant with the rest of her character. But the one given is an abject adoration, which, were it not so affecting in the climax, would be puerile in its innocence. With this exception, *Judith* is a good type of the buxom English girl of the sixteenth century. The days of knighthood were over. The finer civilization

of the heart, brought about by the Reformation, was not yet pervasive. Instead, there was a careless, happy ignorance—bliss in the truest sense. Judith personifies this. She has nothing very lovable. She excites no great sympathy, and with the exception of her strong love for her father, which we may admire while we criticize, presents few attractions. As in a picture, the background designed by the artist to bring out the rest of the work, often first fixes the attention, so the character of Prudence, a foil to that of Judith, her cousin, interests us. Unselfish, thoughtful of others, charitable in heart and deed, gentle Prudence Shame is the sweet element in the book. Quiet, unobtrusive, she is the peacemaker, the watchful guardian divinity of all concerned.

In Shakespeare and Tom Quiney, Black has drawn two characters, of the manly, generous, burgher-yeoman class. We see just enough of the former, around whose name clusters so much fame and fable, to wish for more. If Black had dwelt more on him than on such a character as Woridge, the gentleman villain, his readers would have been much better pleased. The last is more sinned against than sinning. Quiney is a good example of the devoted lover. Lastly, for the other characters are commonplace and need no mention, we have the minister Blaise. While in no sense Pecksniffian, nor of that class which devours widows' houses, and so inspires repulsion, he illustrates the man self-deceived, but not deceiving. The doubt in which we are left, as to his final movements, is not disturbed by any anxiety to learn his fate.

Minor criticisms may be multiplied. The story shows a lack of sustained interest. It drags slowly on through long preliminaries and in the bulk of the book. Even the crisis is spun out. It also moves in beaten paths. Very little originality, either of poet, incident or thought, is apparent. The gaps between recurrences to the various personages are too long. We are fatigued rather than interested. Besides

this, Black repeats himself, especially so in descriptive passages. For instance, we are so continually told of Judith's eye, now "kindly," now "laughingly," that we become satiated. Certain phrases reappear at intervals, which is permissible; but the intervals are not long enough. We seem hardly to have read a striking thought before it is brought out once more. If it were not hypercriticism, even the headings of his chapters, which are not a trivial matter, and on which some care seems to have been bestowed, are unsatisfactory; sometimes almost meaningless.

But there are offsets to these adverse criticisms. Black's descriptions are as vivid as ever. From the cattle upon a thousand hills to the tiniest blade in the valleys beneath, every variation of life, color and form attracts his attention. The meadowy banks of the Avon, the hues of the changing seasons, the wealth of English flowers—all stand out in strong relief. He is another John Burroughs or Grant Allen.

In addition, though written in the stilted and sometimes laborious style harsh to modern ears, the diction is not too forced or unnatural. Neither, with the difference in time, is the author guilty of any anachronism. The story is, in this sense, a representative one of the England of that day. Still, further, the denouement is good. Though we are no advocates of the old principle that a novel must close "and so they were married and lived happily ever after," Black seems to us to have wisely departed from his tendency to an unsatisfying ending. This was especially noticeable in "Maclead of Dare" and "Shandon Bells." Here we catch just enough glimpses of the future to assure us of the happiness in store for Judith and her lover.

With whatever virtues and defects it possesses, even though it does not reach the highest standard, the book must be viewed as an addition to fiction. But this is mainly due to the inherent interest of the subject and the name it bears. If abstractly compared with "Henry Esmond,"



written with somewhat of the same intent and view, a picturesque representation of past manners and a delineation of historical personages, it is far inferior; for "Henry Esmond" is still incomparably the highest standard in this line of work. For Black's masterpiece we must either refer to his earlier or wait his coming works.

A. GUYOT CAMERON.

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*To an Artist.*

WELCOME October! we  
Greet thee with joy once more.  
Artist of Nature so fair,  
Painting in colors most rare  
Pictures of marvelous store.

Look at yon waving hills,  
Blushing with many a tree,  
Richly they glow in the sun,  
Gorgeously showing to one  
Nature's sublimity.

Yonder a winding stream  
Flows through a valley free.  
Flowers that once bloomed by its side,  
Withering, now lie where they died,  
Teaching mortality.

Lovely October! we  
Crown thee an artist true;  
Crown thee with garlands of leaves,  
Plucked from the boughs of the trees,  
Painted in richest hue.

W. S. ELDER.

## Voices.

[This department is intended for the free expression of College sentiment. The editors disclaim all responsibility for the opinions expressed.]

### *Harvard Athletics.*

[Special correspondence of the LIT.]

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 8th.

YOUR correspondent took a stroll through the classic shades of Cambridge the other day, and having picked up a few items of information, in the course of his wanderings and observations, thought perhaps a brief outline of what he heard and saw of athletics at Harvard might be of interest to the readers of the LIT.

After walking around the campus, and admiring the many and beautiful college buildings and statues, notably among the latter the one of John Harvard, recently unveiled, he strolled over to Jarvis' Field, the scene of so many hard-fought athletic contests, in which Princeton men have participated. Here he found the 'Varsity foot-ball team hard at work with the Freshmen eleven. At first sight he was struck with the disparity in size between the men who compose this year's eleven and those of former years. The playing of the team, as a whole, lacks unity. Every man seems to play for himself. This is especially noticeable among the forwards. The great fault with the playing of the rush-line, as it appeared to your correspondent, was not blocking hard enough, and not playing sharp enough. As regards the half-backs, their kicking is very good, but fumbling occurs too frequently, and not enough attention seems to be paid to running and dodging.

One thing was very evident (which, alas! is too often the case at Princeton, when, for some cause or other, the nine or eleven disappoint the expectations of the college), and

that was a seeming entire lack of interest in the game by the college at large. Instead of coming out, and by their presence encouraging the players to greater endeavor, the fellows, by their absence and lack of interest, greatly discourage them. The number of men watching the practice could not have exceeded fifty.

In conversation with some of the Harvard men, it appeared that the general opinion prevalent throughout the college is that Harvard, after her games with University of Pennsylvania and Wesleyan, is virtually out of the contest for the championship, and that it all centers on the Princeton-Yale game, on Thanksgiving Day. So far as I can learn, the general impression seems to be that Princeton's chances on that occasion are very good; and, if the good wishes of Harvard avail anything, the championship for 1884 will, beyond a doubt, go to the wearers of the "Orange and Black."

The Freshmen eleven is very good, and there is in it very promising material for future 'Varsity elevens.

Your correspondent next visited Holmes's Field, where he watched for a while some of the members of the 'Varsity base-ball nine "wield the ash and toss the leather." The custom in vogue at Harvard, of the nine practicing in the fall so as to get to playing together, is a good one. Harvard's prospects for the championship pennant next Summer were never better than they are at present. They have the same nine in the field now that they had last year, with one or two exceptions, and the best of material from which to fill the vacancies. Princeton will, therefore, find that, if she wants to carry off the laurels on the diamond in the coming season, she will have to make a radical change in the method hitherto in vogue of training her base-ball nine.

It is rather early yet to judge of the crew, but there is excellent material in the different class crews to fill the vacancies in the 'Varsity.

J. F., '84.

*The School of Art.*

AS THE AIMS of this department are insufficiently known to the present members of college, it is advisable that they be distinctly stated. To those who may look for the establishment of a technical school, the name may be misleading. But it must be evident to all that even with a large endowment it would be difficult to compete with the technical schools in large cities. And this is not our object. It is certainly practical in Princeton for students to inform themselves in the general history of art, and we have long felt the want of such a department in the college. The School of Art aims to supply this want in a two-fold way: (1) by lectures and instruction in the history of art, and (2) by the establishment of a museum for works of art.

During the present year we may expect to hear, from Prof. Prime, a lecture course on the "Histories of Various Arts," open to the whole college. I will offer to the Seniors an elective course on the History of Art in Antiquity, with special reference to the arts of Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Rome. President McCosh has kindly consented to give a few lectures on *Æsthetics*, and Prof. Osborn one or two lectures on the Anatomy of Facial Expression. It is also very desirable to reorganize the Sketch Club, so that the students may have the opportunity of instruction in free-hand drawing.

In connection with this work, it is deemed indispensable that we should have a museum. Two years ago, in his "Suggestions on the Establishment of a Department of Art Instruction in the College of New Jersey," Prof. Prime says: "A museum of art objects is so necessary to the system, that without it we are of opinion it would be of small utility to introduce the proposed department. Courses of lectures, while conveying some instruction, would be of little practical benefit without objects to be seen and studied in connection with the instruction. Such a museum would

be of priceless value, not alone to this department, but also in the classical department, and in many other branches of the collegiate course. We are of opinion that if entered on at all, this work should be begun with reference to the possibilities and expectations of large future growth. All museums have been the growth of time, by small accretions, from gifts, bequests and purchases. Certainly Princeton may look with confidence to her sons, in all parts of the world, at home and abroad, for contributions to her educational power in this department." Prof. Prime followed up his suggestions by offering to the college his very valuable collection of pottery and porcelain, if the trustees should establish the proposed department and provide a proper museum.

We are very happy to say that upwards of twenty thousand dollars have already been subscribed by Mr. H. G. Marquand, Hon. John I. Blair, Mrs. R. L. Stuart, Mr. M. Taylor Pyne and the late W. Earl Dodge, and we are looking to the friends of the college for twenty-five thousand more to erect the wing of a fire-proof building suited to our needs. The college is already in possession of several interesting collections, illustrating the arts of Mexico, Peru and the N. A. Indians, some valuable Assyrian gems and Greek terra cotta heads, as well as a fair collection of art books and photographs. We have, then, an excellent nucleus for an art collection, and require a building suited to our wants.

ALLAN MARQUAND.

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### *The Mutilated Statue.*

SOME TIME AGO the blade was removed from the sword in the hand of the gladiator in front of the Gymnasium. It is greatly to be feared that the responsibility of the theft must be placed upon one or more of the students. That an

ornament to our campus was thus defaced, and the memorial gift of a graduated class mutilated, were aggravating circumstances. Fondness for trophies is harmless when confined within proper bounds. If it can be gratified only by an insult to the class of '80, and the wanton destruction of college property, it had better be suppressed. The return of the stolen article is a partial reparation, which any manly fellow can and will make. For the sake of collegiate honor, we most earnestly hope that we are mistaken in the status of the guilty party, and that, if we are not, there will be no repetition of so contemptible an act.

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*Partial Realities.*

IT IS NOT long since that I was attacked by a malignant fever, and for several days my mind hovered from the most unusual visions to the bare realities of the sick-room. Some of these visions were so far removed from my ordinary experiences that it would be difficult to trace their point of departure; but many of them contained a greater amount of reality, being excited by the sight of different objects in the room. At one time the ceiling seemed to be in motion, leaving me with the most uncomfortable sensation. The curtain before my window seemed alive with human figures, and below them, extending to the ground, was the name "New Zealand," repeated many times. When my delirium passed away the figures resolved themselves into mere folds of the curtain, and the name, "New Zealand," into a simple ornamental device. The paper on the walls of my bed-room was figured with simple bunches of flowers, at regular intervals. In my sane moments I whiled away the hours counting and recounting this little army of flowers. In the delirium they seemed like islands floating in the air, and I saw people walking from one to the other. I was perplexed at

this novel mode of motion until it was thus explained to me: "Extend the foot until a drop of liquid exude from the sole of the shoe. This will be found amply sufficient to resist the weight of the body. Do the same with the other foot and you acquire the art." I seemed to see beginners timidly obeying the instructions, but it was not long before they were walking through the air. Visionary as this was, the islands were fixed in the positions of the flowers on the wall. The vision was thus partly of external origin, and may be called a partial reality.

In another vision I saw a closed wagon, in which was an official of a hospital taking some invalids to drive. In a moment he threw out a shawl-wrapped body, exclaiming, "This is not worth twenty-five cents," when from one of the flower patterns on the wall emerged the figure of the venerable ex-President of Princeton College, urging a word in defence against such summary treatment. My own feelings were greatly roused by this act of inhumanity, and the attendants at my bed-side were much amused at the virulence of my invective against the imaginary official. The external excitement of this vision was again the flower-pattern on the wall.

At another time my brother was seated by my bed-side when I saw the figure of Prof. S. enter the room. After greeting him, and observing that my brother remained seated quietly, I remarked, "Why don't you shake hands with Prof. S.? Don't you see him?" "No," said he, "you must be dreaming." This brought me to a normal state of mind, and the figure vanished. Then the same vision re-appeared and was similarly dispelled.

Such experiences as these are neither visions nor realities, but both combined. When the mind hovers in this borderland we have no intuitive power of analysis to declare that this portion of our experience is caused by our environment, and that portion has an internal origin. We must either be contented with the compound character of our experience,



or, if we wish to analyze it into its constituents, we proceed as follows: In the first place we may appeal to the evidence of our other senses. We speak to the visionary object, or we endeavor to touch it or throw something at it and observe whether or no the vision stands the evidence of a combination of senses. But this last is sometimes inapplicable or insufficient, and we then apply to the testimony of other independent and capable witnesses. We ask our neighbor if he also sees the vision. Thus to the combination of our own senses we add the weight of evidence derived from his. It is true that both methods may combine to give one and the same false results, but it is only by some such enlargement of the channels of evidence that we may free ourselves from the state of ignorance or doubt and reach the state of knowledge and belief.

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### *Dickens' Short Stories.*

IT IS UNFORTUNATE that an author's fame rests, not on the earlier, rarely on the later, but usually on the intermediate works of his literary career. The majority of people read the talked-of book, and since most novelists have begun as story writers, when they enter the larger field of fiction their earlier work is thus passed over. Dickens has suffered less in this respect than most authors. But few can claim that familiar acquaintance with his short stories, which, a generation ago, made them household words in England. Dickens seems to have left no vein of human nature unworked. His versatility is unbounded. Sad and gay, by turns, he paints the pathetic and ludicrous sides of mankind. He satirizes first, English obstinacy, then French levity. Sadness, the complement of satire, is also present. What can be more exquisitely touching than "George Silverman's Explanation," or "The Perils of Cer-

tain English Prisoners?" What more satirical than "The Mudfog Association," "A Monument of French Folly," and "The Boy at Mugby." It is useless to give examples. Each of them exhibits the essential features of his style. With the productions of Thackeray, akin to them in some particulars, they form the best short illustration in the English language, of what Balzac attempted to define in his series of works, and styled "The Human Comedy."

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*Richard Stockton.*

AMONG the graduates of Princeton whose names are honorably associated with American revolutionary history, Richard Stockton must be assigned to a position of special eminence for the invaluable services rendered to his *Alma Mater*. Born in Princeton, October 1st, 1730, he was graduated at the first annual commencement of Nassau Hall, held in Newark in 1748, under the auspices of Aaron Burr. He immediately entered upon his law studies, and in the pursuit of his profession soon acquired wealth and reputation by his ability, diligence and strict integrity.

In 1766 Mr. Stockton decided to visit the British Isles. A two-fold mission was entrusted to him by the Trustees of the College, of whom he was one. He was deputed to present to George III an address by their body "acknowledging the condescension manifested by the king towards the colonies in the repeal of the stamp act." This address over the signature of Edward Shippen, president of the board, was graciously received at the Court of St. James. He was also requested to see Dr. Witherspoon, at his home in Paisley, and urge him to accept the presidency of the College, as successor to Dr. Finley, deceased. The necessity of such a personal appeal is attested by Mr. Stockton in one of his letters. He writes: "It is a matter absolutely certain that

if I had not gone in person to Scotland, Dr. Witherspoon would not have had a serious thought of accepting the office; because neither he, nor any of his friends with whom he would have consulted, had any tolerable idea of the place to which he was invited—had no adequate notions of the importance of the College of New Jersey, and, more than all, would have been entirely discouraged from thinking of an acceptance from an artful, plausible, yet wickedly-contrived letter, sent from Philadelphia to a gentleman of Edinburgh." Mr. Stockton, however, having gained the entire confidence of this eminent divine, and removed his objections, was enabled, soon after his return to the province, to inform the trustees that Mrs. Witherspoon had at last consented to her husband's removal, and that the latter had accepted the office tendered to him by their honorable body. Thus was an efficient, able and illustrious president won for this institution; a zealous patriot and signer of the Declaration of Independence for the colonies. Nor was this the only benefit which the public derived from his foreign tour. His high position at home commanded honors for himself and deference for his opinions, so unreservedly expressed in the motherland. He was freely consulted by the Marquis of Rockingham, and, it is said, by the Earl of Chatham, on American affairs. To them he declared his decided opinion against the policy which had originated the odious stamp act, maintaining as his firm conviction that the colonists would never consent to taxation by Parliament. Together with Dr. Franklin he discussed paper currency with London merchants, urging the repeal of the act of Parliament prohibiting its issue in the future.

Previous to the outbreak of the Revolution Mr. Stockton enjoyed in no small degree the confidence and favor of the royal government. In 1768 he was appointed to fill a place in "the supreme royal legislative judiciary and executive council of the province," and in 1774 received a commission as Judge of the Supreme Court. Two years later

he refused the chief-justiceship. These obligations to his sovereign placed him in an embarrassing position at the commencement of hostilities. Without hesitation or regret the patriot withdrew his allegiance to the monarch, at whose hands he had received so many honorable distinctions, and gave in his adherence to the cause of the colonies, the land of his birth. He was elected one of the delegates from New Jersey to the General Congress of 1776, and performed his congressional duties with characteristic energy and intelligence, serving often on the more important committees. His signature to the "Declaration" eventually cost him his life. The old homestead at Princeton lay directly in the path of the British army. While endeavoring to provide for the safety of wife and children he was captured in Monmouth County, thrown into prison in New York, and treated with such indignity and cruelty that Gen. Washington was instructed by Congress to send a formal remonstrance to Gen. Howe against so flagrant a violation of the principles of civilized warfare. His health was shattered, and he died at his home, February 28th, 1781.

As a graduate of this institution, as a citizen of this great republic, Mr. Stockton's actions were controlled by a far-seeing and unswerving patriotism. His abilities and his moral qualities have been transmitted to a worthy line of descent. His son and grandson have occupied seats in the U. S. Senate Chamber, and have in all respects emulated the example of their illustrious ancestor.

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## Editorials.

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A REMARK by a Yale man has been reported to us: "There is one thing which we, at Yale, admire about Princeton, and that is its pluck. It never gives up when beaten, but goes to work all the harder the next time." Let it be *Princeton Pluck* vs. *Yale Spirit*.

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PRESIDENT WHITE, of Cornell, recently declared that his thermometer of hope fell pretty rapidly whenever he saw a young man with a cigarette in his mouth. It is a cold day for President White.

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THE *Current* of Chicago thinks that the worth and dignity of college journalism would be enhanced if the presidents and professors would publish their papers in the journals of their respective institutions, instead of seeking the larger magazines and reviews. The *Current* mistakes both the sphere of college journalism and the financial resources of its representatives.

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WE CANNOT condemn too strongly the utter indifference with which the Lacrosse Association seems to regard the coming season. Lacrosse had a severe struggle here to obtain a foothold. After hard and determined effort the team, last year, carried off the championship honors. Credit is due for all this. But we fail to find any reason to

justify the present attitude of the team. Absolutely no work has been done this fall. No encouragement has been offered to new players. At Harvard, on the contrary, practice games are being played with neighboring teams. At Yale the lacrosse men practice daily. It required hard work to win the championship; it will require hard work to hold it.

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THE Glee Club, under its present leadership, is working harder than in any previous year. The system is being pursued, that on three days out of the week the tenors and basses practice at different hours. This, in reality, doubles the time allotted to work heretofore, and enables the leader to concentrate his attention at different times upon the different men. Twice a week the club practices together an hour. We understand that no hindrance is to be offered to the club, by the Faculty, in giving concerts away and in taking its annual tour. The club this fall has not clashed with the foot-ball interests, and it is to be hoped that this policy of non-interference will be continued in the future. The prospects are that the college will have no cause to find fault with the work or the management of the present club, if it continues its present policy.

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THE *Princetonian* in a recent issue ventures a criticism of the foot-ball editorial which appeared in our October number. It has strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel. It has conveniently omitted one clause and carefully twisted the meaning of the rest of the sentence upon which it based its remarks. We quote here the sentence as it appeared in our editorial, italicizing the part omitted by the *Princetonian*: "Nothing is worse than to see a crowd of men surging around the ball, *trying to pick it up with their hands*, waiting

till some one—of the other side, perhaps—has the pluck to throw himself on the ground and secure it in true Yale fashion." The *Princetonian* called our attention to the fact that we were advising players to throw themselves on the ball when they were off-side. We now call the attention of the *Princetonian* to the clause which it omitted. Players, if off-side when surging around the ball, would not be "*trying to pick it up with their hands.*" This clause implies that they are on-side. There has been hardly a practice game this season which has not justified our advice to the team, and we here repeat it, "Do not be afraid to fall on the ball."

We would not have taken this opportunity to correct the *Princetonian*, if its criticism had not been an obvious attempt to make capital out of a garbled quotation. Misunderstanding is one thing; intentional misquotation is quite another.

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### *College Discipline.*

PRESIDENT WHITE, in his recent annual address to the students of Cornell, said :

"In regard to any attempt to make yourselves immortal or famous by some college prank, remember you are here as men, and as long as you act as such you will be so treated. No discipline last year does not mean no power. It has been widely circulated that, in order to secure to Cornell a reputation for discipline, I was intending to dismiss a whole college class. It is not true that I intend to do so; but, if it is necessary to build up the work begun here and exemplified in part by the tablets on these walls, I would see expelled, not one class, but all the classes. The record of last year is encouraging; not a student brought before the faculty for any breach of discipline. We hold it up with pride before all the world.

"Remember that the university is what you make it. Be men and snuff the boyishness that has long tainted the colleges of this country. A severe statute, a statute with heavy penalties attached, lies on the table of the faculty. There is power enough to stop cane rushing in the iron hand under the velvet glove. But I prefer not to stop it that way. Such boyish, hoodlum style would do in a corner grocery near Five Points, but is out of place at the Cornell University."



This is a concise statement of the present theory of college discipline. The cardinal principle is, that if students behave like men, they will be so treated. As long as they approximate the standard of manhood, all is plain sailing. But as soon as they make one slip backward from manhood to childhood, President White reminds them that "a severe statute, a statute with heavy penalties attached, lies on the table of the faculty;" that there is power enough "in the iron hand under the velvet glove" to administer a corrective. That is, if students behave like children, they will be so treated. In every case President White expects the students to take the initiative in regard to their conduct, and the faculty to fashion its treatment of them accordingly.

Let us examine this theory with a test case. Take cane-rushing, the very one which President White cites. It is a plain deviation from the standard of manhood. Let us suppose that, before the cane-rush, the students have behaved like men, and the faculty have treated them as such. Let us suppose that at the time of the cane-rush the students have behaved like children, and the faculty have, in their punishment, treated them as such. Now, President White assumes that after the cane-rush the same relations which existed before will be resumed between faculty and students. The students will again behave like men, and the faculty will so treat them. But he ignores the reaction which will follow from the fact that the faculty, in their punishment, has treated them as if they were children. It suggests the story of the father who, after whipping his child severely, drew him to his side and said, "My boy, you are a little man, now, and I want you to behave like a man." The boy squared off, and whimpered, "If I *was* a man, yer wouldn't —dar-r-re to whip me, you bet."

We are not, like Cornell, so fortunate as to have no student "brought before the faculty for any breach of discipline," and we can therefore testify as to the practical working of President White's theory of discipline. We have

noticed that after every punishment which has been inflicted upon students considered as children, the students are inclined to assume the privileges flowing from the character of children which the faculty has thus fastened upon them for the time being. The *tendency* is to make them feel more like children than men. They are not forced to bear the responsibility of manhood. This is true not only of the offenders, but also of the mass of the college. For it is impossible to treat one part as children and another as men.

On the other hand, alongside the principle that if students behave like men the faculty will so treat them, place the correlative, that if the faculty will treat students as men, they will behave as such. Now examine the case of cane-rushing from this standpoint. Let the faculty assume that the offenders are men. Let them believe that they are innocent until proved guilty. Let them give them a fair hearing, and reduce the severity of the punishment to the lowest point consistent with its effectiveness. In short, let infractions of college laws be treated as far as possible in the same manner in which those of civil duties are treated. What, then, would be the reaction? The students would realize that they were considered to be men. They would take pride in maintaining the character. The majority, who are men and see their manhood recognized, would frown down the boyishness of the minority, who are assumed to be men. They would respect the college government, its laws and penalties.

We ask President White, which theory of college discipline works out the best practical results; the one, reaction from which tends to promote boyishness; or the other, reaction from which tends to promote manliness. We think that "the iron hand under the velvet glove" is out of date.

## Literary Gossip.

I AM in very favorable circumstances for writing, this afternoon. Perhaps it may interest you to hear what I consider favorable circumstances, since men differ in this regard. Some like to sit in a light room, bright with color, luxurious with ottomans, decorated with bric-a-brac, and modern pictures on the walls, and the sun pouring through the windows, infusing one's whole being with the delight of sensuous warmth. Others can use their pen best in the long, hot summer afternoons, when hardly a breath of wind comes through the closed blinds, and the trees that brush the window are silent as death; even the dog on the lawn below lies quiet, panting from the heat. Others choose the midnight hour, when the lamp burns brightly, and all is dark outside, and there is no sound in the house. But, for me, none of these. The boudoir, when I lie on the sofa visioning castles in the blue smoke of a cigarette, while the melody of a Strauss waltz floats through the air; the summer afternoon, when I read my Horace or my Dobson, lying on the grass, "under the greenwood tree." Let me have the midnight hour and solitude and strong coffee while I cram into my weary brain the lost learning which I should have retained from last term ready for use upon examination day. But when I am to write, may I, after a good dinner, and a quiet, inspiring smoke with my friend, go up stairs, into a dark, wainscoted chamber, with books old and new covering the walls, save for the spaces where rare engravings and a few *genre* pictures hang. Rugs partly hide the hard-wood floor; there are plenty of comfortable leathern, easy chairs, and a carved, oak writing desk, placed in a corner where one can see the fire which burns brightly upon the hearth. The landscape outside must be like "Solitude, the stern friend to genius, the cold, obscure shelter where moult the wings which will bear it further than suns or stars." It must be gray and broad and vast, with perhaps a glimpse of the dark, stormy sea, that I may turn my wandering glances with pleasure from the dreary outlook to pen and paper and cheery fire.

I have not read Mr. Henry James' article on the "Art of Fiction," in *Longman's Magazine*, but the *Nation's* criticism and comparison of it with the opinions of George Sand and Flaubert, on the same subject, has great interest. Mr. James and George Sand take the stand that their work has a moral and profitable meaning. This being the case, says Mr. James; "the essence of moral energy is to survey the whole field." "To see far and clearly is the whole aim of life," says George Sand. Flaubert takes the lower ground: "I have always striven to see the soul of the things which I see," he declares, but does not strive to see *all* things. The novel is an intense impression of life, personal, say James

and Sand. Not so, Flaubert: "I dislike the intrusion of personal preaching. I feel, even, that a novelist has not the right to express his own opinion about anything; \* \* \* he must transport himself into his personages \* \* \*." This is, essentially, the dramatic idea of the novel. It is easy to trace, in Mr. James' books, his obedience to the principle that the novel is a *personal* impression of life; he follows this principle too far, I think. But it is not so easy to reconcile Flaubert's declaration with a previous avowal that he wrote only for ten or twelve persons, who knew and understood the inmost workings of his soul. To them his teaching could not have been *intrusion*. The exposition, Flaubert thinks, should be of things as they are: "I limit myself to this, to expressing what seems to me to be true. So much the worse for the consequences. Rich or poor, conquerors or conquered, I have no concern with that." "No," answers George Sand, though the interest lie in the opposition of characters, where is our moral and profitable meaning if the good be not made to triumph? It may be crushed by facts, but not conquered. We must not degrade the good by representing the good man soiled and lowered; true as it may be, we must hold it as the great mystery, not to be talked about or set before the world to discourage heroes.

As I came out of recitation, the other day, I dropped into the Lit. room for a few moments, to read the November *Century*. Looking through it, I fell upon an open-letter, in which Mr. Geo. W. Cable answers a correspondent who denies, with scorn, Mr. Cable's declaration in "Dr. Sevier," that the South recognizes the justice of their defeat. Mr. Cable tells us, what I never knew before, that he himself was a southern soldier, now convinced that he fought in a wrong cause. Admitting, "for the sake of argument," that a State had the right to secede, Mr. Cable holds that in this case there was no sufficient reason for so doing. This is the War-Democrat modification of the States Rights theory, of which all Seniors have heard in constitutional law. It was strange that in the very same magazine there should be another reference to Prof. Johnston's course, a few facts about a book he recommended us to read. An interesting article on Charles Reade, with letters hitherto unpublished, contains, among other things, an account of his work on "The Cloister and The Hearth." A brief description of the father and mother of Erasmus, in an old biography, was the foundation for the story. Reade called the first draft "A Good Fight," (published in America,) and made it end happily with the marriage of Serard and Margaret; afterwards expanding it into a complete novel. "I am very long over my mediæval story, but it is the reading, not the writing, which makes me slow. \* \* I set down the list of books which I have read, skimmed or studied, to write this little misery." Seventy-nine books, ranging from Froissart and Phillipe de Comines to Scott's "Abbot" and Hallam's "Middle Ages," old chronicles, ponderous histories, ancient archives, biographies,

etc., etc. No wonder the book gives a correct picture of life in the "Moyen Age." The poem by Austin Dobson, "The Old Sedan Chair," to which every one looked forward, is, it must be confessed, a disappointment. The metre, and to some extent the rhymes, are the same as in Thackeray's "Cane-Bottomed Chair," and the idea is not particularly original. The illustrations which accompany it lack finish and sympathy. This cannot be said of Mr. Elihu Vedder's accompaniment to the "Song of Omar Khayyam." The engravings have the wild, sad beauty which make all Mr. Vedder's pictures so attractive, and the article by Horace E. Scudder, which goes with them, is of much merit. Together with the criticism by Kenyon Cox, on "The Sculptors of the Early Italian Renaissance," illustrated by himself, this makes art well represented for the month.

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## Editors' Table.

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"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them."—*Macbeth, Act I, Scene III.*

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WERE it not for the fact that the *LIT.* has a reputation for dignified reserve in all matters that agitate and sway the world at large, the editor might turn a cold shoulder to the gems of undergraduate literature which lie in such rich profusion on the right hand and on the left. How unpatriotic! to refuse to speculate on the elections, and then to condescend to the discussion of puny college topics! But we are not yet out in the "wide, wide"—and only the other day an unselfish Junior said, at club, that he did not care a cent who was elected if we only could get the foot-ball championship. We have played our part in politics, at any rate, tramping through mud and water, saluting the banner with wild vociferations, with glaring torches running the gauntlet of fair damsels and others lined up on the curbstone, and last but not least, taking anywhere from two days to two weeks to go home, cast our maiden vote, and return. If it's decided, it's decided, and no amount of talking can change the official count, so we retreat within the college world—that is, within the University Grounds. Everything is lovely here. The eleven are playing a "rattling" game; big scores stand to our credit; no defeats. Harvard does not seem to offer a formidable barrier to success, and we are saving up every spare breath for Thanksgiving day; and thus, by the aid of plenty of audible enthusiasm, we hope to gently take the palm

from the victors of former years. Some who watch the practice games, from day to day, begin to see a real sentiment in the rough-and-tumble performance. Some days since, a thoughtful little fellow, wrapped up in a big overcoat, with hands plunged deep into the pockets, was watching the play, and as the editor passed by he could occasionally hear the murmur, "*Vanitas vanitatum.*" On better acquaintance, he proved to be a little "poet-chap," ruminating on the moral of the game; and he, blushing, gave me the result of his long and earnest conference with the Muse:

"A BAG O' WIND."

"A bag o' wind!" Upon it piled  
A mass of men, in tussle wild.  
Down in the dirt they writhe and roll,  
Each lost so in one struggling whole,  
His mother would not know her child.  
Now rises one (a "rusher" styled),  
With garments torn and dust defiled,  
Who, panting, bears beneath the pole  
"A bag o' wind."

"'Tis thus in life. Fresh as a child  
We enter in the contest wild  
For this world's prize, and at the goal  
We find we hug up to our soul  
(All worn and torn and sin-defiled)  
A bag o' wind."

By the current number of the *Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduate's Journal*, we find that the students on the other side of the water are "settling down" to the year's campaign of boating, cricket, foot-ball, tennis, and study. "Much hand-shaking is going on, and everywhere is to be heard the well-known question: 'How have you enjoyed your Vac.?' Meantime, shoals of advertisements for tailors, hatters, hosiers, etc., are affording pleasant reading to the wary freshmen." Not so very different from our own reunions, you will say. The schedule of foot-ball games extends from November to March, continuously, which silently tells us that English winters are not so bleak and snowy as those experienced in American college towns.

The *Virginia University Magazine* starts the year with a new board of editors, and number one is, to say the least, a decided innovation. Truly, there is hope for an American epic in the near future. "The Horse-Shoe Bend" records in verse an Indian tragedy, to the extent of eleven pages. The meter varies in different parts, but is prevailingly like that of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and thus begins:

"The rising sun, like some fair bride,  
Had drawn her veil of clouds aside.  
On Tallapoosa's waters bright  
Danced the first beams of morning light."

The incident, which claims authenticity, is well told, and whatever reputation as a poet the author may attain in the future, his effort is quite unique for a college magazine.

"John Bull has had a son graduated at Rugby and Oxford, and his name is Tom Brown. Has Brother Jonathan a son graduated, or about to graduate at Harvard?" This suggestive question forms the basis of what promises to be a highly readable series of articles, by a writer in *The Advocate*. Those who have appreciated the life-like pictures that Thomas Hughes has drawn of English educational life, naturally turn to the older of New World universities for new and characteristic types of student life. We hope the boy can be found, and that his name will not be Snodkins.

Perhaps it is not strange that this season now just past should have developed a more than usual amount of poetry in the various college journals. The editor of *Dartmouth* speaks of having thoughts "hard to put into prose," and the *Argo* poet, beholding a no less charming prospect, sings his October lay:

"Oh there's joy without alloy,  
In this gay month, October,  
When nature's seen to change her green  
For garb less dull and sober."

"The air is rife with pulsing life,  
That thrills through every fibre,  
Like sparkling wine, of vintage fine,  
Through veins of the imbibor."

"On hill and moor, 'mong rich and poor,  
An overflow of gladness  
Fills every breast, stills all unrest,  
And leaves no room for sadness."



## Calendar.

OCT. 1ST.—Annual meeting of the Intercollegiate Tennis Association. The following officers were elected: Pres., W. P. Knapp, of Yale; Vice-Pres., O. O. Hatch, of Trinity; Sec'y and Treas., R. T. H. Halsey, of Princeton.

OCT. 10TH.—Intercollegiate tennis tournament gave Yale first place. Trinity, second.

OCT. 11TH.—Sophomore "procs" out.

OCT. 14TH.—Hon. Chauncey M. Depew addressed Republican mass-meeting in University Hall.

OCT. 15TH.—Foot-ball game. Stevens vs. Princeton, at Hoboken. Score—Stevens, 0; Princeton, 4.....Foot-ball convention in New York. Princeton represented by C. W. Bird and J. B. Harriman. Dates of games were arranged as follows: Nov. 15th, Princeton vs. Harvard, at Cambridge; Nov. 22d, Harvard vs. Yale, at New Haven; Thanksgiving Day, Yale vs. Princeton, in New York.

OCT. 17TH.—Glee Club chosen, as follows: First tenors—Baker, '85; Leeper, '85; S. Carter, '86. Second tenors—McFerran, '85; Coan, Theol. Sem.; Goltra, '87. First basses—Shea, '85; Bill, '85; E. Carter, '88. Second basses—Clark, '85; Larkin, '87; Miller, '88. Leader—McAlpin, '85. Business Manager—Wanamaker, '86.....Republican parade at Hightstown. Special train from Princeton.

OCT. 18TH.—Foot-ball game. Lafayette, '87, vs. Princeton, '87, at Easton. Score—Lafayette, 0; Princeton, 4.

OCT. 21ST.—Democratic mass-meeting in University Hall, addressed by Hon. Chas. H. Winfield, of Jersey City, and W. W. Dundas, '61.

OCT. 22D.—Foot-ball game. Rutgers vs. Princeton, on the University grounds. Score—Rutgers, 0; Princeton, 35.

OCT. 25TH.—Fifth Annual Conference of the American Inter-seminary Missionary Alliance, held in Princeton.....Third Annual Conference of Y. M. C. A., of the schools and colleges of New Jersey, held in Murray Hall, L. D. Wishard presiding.....Foot-ball game. Univ. of Penn. vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia. Score—Univ. of Penn., 0; Princeton, 31.....Foot-ball game. Princeton, '88, vs. Chester, at Chester. Score—Princeton, 16; Chester, 6.

OCT. 26TH.—The sacrament of The Supper, observed in Marquand Chapel, at 5 P.M., Dr. McCosh and Dr. Arthur Mitchell presiding.

OCT. 27TH.—Democratic mass-meeting, addressed by Hon. Samuel J. Randall, of Pa.

OCT. 29TH.—Democratic mass-meeting, in University Hall. Dr. Frank Gauntt, H. E. Davis, '76, and Attorney-General Stockton, '43, were the speakers.....Foot-ball game. Lafayette vs. Princeton, on University grounds. Score (largest on record)—Lafayette, 0; Princeton, 140.

NOV. 1ST.—Foot-ball game. Stevens vs. Princeton, on the University grounds. Score—Stevens, 0; Princeton, 56.

NOV. 4TH.—Election day. Half-holiday. College election resulted in choice of Republican candidates, Messrs. E. Wilson, '85, and Cashman, '86, by a majority of eighty-seven votes.

NOV. 5TH.—'87 mass-meeting elected Soph. Reception Committee, as follows: Bedle, Bradford, Blackwell, Duane, Enos, Goltra, Green, Gilchrist, Heverin, Larkin, Porter, Sloan, Stearns. Bric-a-brac Committee—J. Elder, W. Johnson, Jackson, Parish, Paige, Riggs, Waggener.

NOV. 6TH.—First concert in University Course, New York Philharmonic Club.

NOV. 8TH.—Foot-ball game. Johns Hopkins vs. Princeton, on University grounds. Score—Johns Hopkins, 0; Princeton, 53.....Foot-ball game. Columbia, '87, vs. Princeton, '87, at New York. Score—Columbia, 11; Princeton, 12.

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